

Captain Brabazon

BY B. M. CROKER

A Military Romance of South Africa

CHAPTER VII.

But Miles still held the horse, and declined to accept this broad hint, walking beside his cousin, till Jacky suddenly came to a violent halt at the back gate of a large farm yard, surrounded by high, red-tiled, deep-roofed barns, and a noise of lowing and barking and clucking and crowing.

"Oh, Miss Esme, dear," cried a ruddy, checked, elderly woman, in a large checked apron, who was in the act of feeding a mob of ducks. "She's been asking for you the whole afternoon. Go in and see her like a dear young lady. You've brought the wool?"

"Yes, but I've no time to stop, Mary. Jacky has kept me hours on the road. He went half-way into the horrid green pool near the Belle rising, and was going to lie down, only a boy rushed in and dragged him out; and he got loose in the hay field, and I thought he never would have been caught. I'll give you the fingering, and I'll come in again," evidently anxious to be gone.

"Oh, but here is Tom to hold the pony, and you must just run for a minute, dear. She's been awful irritable all day, and maybe you'd put her in a good humor for us; you know how she takes to you. Do now," coaxingly. "Tom, go to the pony's head!"—to a youth with a shock of red hair.

Thus adjured, Esme jumped off Jacky, and hastily went into the farm house, followed by Miles, who found himself in a long, low, tiled kitchen, with small latticed windows and well-stored rafters, and in the presence of a little old woman, who was sitting near the fire in a kind of bovine chair, with glittering dark eyes, lighting up a face as wrinkled as a roasted apple and as sharp as a needle.

"Well, so you were not for coming in, missy," she cried, in a high, reedy voice. "I saw you. My sight is spared to me, though it would be as well sometimes if it wasn't, to see the waste going on all around," glaring at her daughter-in-law lifting, as she spoke, a large ear trumpet to her ear nearest Esme.

"I would have come in, only I'm late, prauzy," returned that young lady down the trumpet, in her most apologetic tone of voice, "and here is the wool," placing a packet in the old lady's lap. "It's gray!" she exclaimed. "I don't want gray wool. I said brown." She returned, ungratefully, as she held it up and felt it critically between her claw-like fingers, her eyes all the time fixed on Miles.

"I can change it," said Esme, making animated signs.

"No, no, no; then I would not get it for another long spell. It will have to do," very crossly. And now, suddenly sitting up quite erect, and still staring hard at Miles, she nodded her head confidentially. "And so this is the young man that has come all the way from the other end of the world, hasn't he?" Esme made a quick sign of assent, unprepared for the sequel, "to marry you."

"No, he hasn't!" she shouted down the trumpet.

"It's no use you screaming to me, missy," she returned shrilly. "I never can hear what you say, and it just goes through my poor head," now planting the trumpet in her lap, and thus cutting off any possible reply, "and it's no good shaking your head like that. What's he come for else?" demanded this very terrible old person. "She's a good girl!" in a patronizing staccato—"and you'll get a pretty wife," she cried, raising a high, chirruping voice, and addressing herself specially to Miles, who, now that he had seen Esme, was by no means so averse to congratulations as he had been two hours previously.

As for his unhappy cousin, who knew from years of experience the extraordinary longevity of Grams Hogben, and the liberties she allowed her tongue, she got herself—how she never exactly knew—once more out into the yard, and was soon in the saddle. Jacky was stepping homeward at a rapid, consequential walk, when Miles overtook them running, saying, as he got up to them:

"Surely you are going to be so inhuman as to desert me and leave me to my fate in these outlandish lanes? It would be ungrateful, to say the least of it."

"Oh," answering him very reluctantly, "I will point you out the road, and you can easily make your way home. You go up this lane," pointing with her whip, "and take the first turning on the right, then the second on the left, then—"

"Then," he interrupted emphatically, "I shall have lost my way, and shall be rambling about the fields all night. Pray spare me this fate!"

Miles was amazed at his own persistence and his own flow of language, but the rude avoidance of an exceedingly pretty girl is occasionally a sufficient incentive to put a young man on his mettle.

"Come, then, if you like," was the grudging answer; "but you must walk fast, or we shall be late for dinner."

"I'll run the whole way. I'll be your eyes, as if you were in India," he returned eagerly. "Only don't leave me!"

"To hear you, one would imagine you were one of the ladies in the wood," returned his cousin, contemptuously, glancing down on her companion as she spoke. "What an amiable person Mrs. Hogben's aged parent seems to be," he remarked, irrelevantly. "I quite love her."

"Do you? You must be susceptible indeed." Yes, he certainly had a look of Teddy when he laughed.

"I wanted to say something to you," continued Miles, nervously flourishing his cane about in a manner that excited the fire of Jacky; "and all the way up from the fields I was cudgeling my brains, but I could not say it. I wanted to speak to you about—about this will, and yonder worthy old woman broke the ice for me at one plunge. You know—"

"I know," interrupted his companion, hastily, with averted face, "that if ever you break it any further, I shall never

speak to you again. Also, that I shall leave you here to find your own way home as best you can."

"May I not say one word on the subject?"

"Not one. Please put the whole affair out of your mind. If you even hint at it—I shall hate you."

Here was a threat! He had no recourse but to obey this imperious young lady; but he made a solemn mental resolve to bring forth the subject on some future occasion.

"And what may I talk about?" he asked. "What topics are not labeled dangerous?"

"Oh," pricking Jacky with her whip, "talk of the weather, the crops, the new moon, anything; talk of Burmah."

And thus encouraged he lamely began to make some conversation. But even under their peculiar circumstances young people of their age were sure to find subjects of conversation; and he, perceiving he had an eager and intelligent listener, launched forth about the wonders of Mandale, that impostor the white elephant, the hill reported to be composed of solid silver. Then he gave a few Burmese legends, a short sketch of Bangkok, said to be the richest city in the world, with its huge golden altar, streets full of gamblers, and river cherty with the celebrated singing fish, when, to his and Esme's astonishment, they found themselves already at the back gate at Baronsford.

Do not suppose that she had been silent all the time. She had, after her interest was aroused, and feeling a conviction that she had overruled and silenced the young man beside her, thawed and thrown in remarks, questions, and nods just as plentifully as opportunity occurred. He had a look of Teddy. Only for this one great point in his favor she would never—so she assured herself—have opened her lips to him, even once. And yet in what did the likeness lie? He was dark and sunburned, and not much above middle height; while Ted was tall and fair.

"Why, we are actually at home!" he exclaimed in surprise. "We must have come by a short cut. How quick we have been."

"Yes," returned Esme, "those stories of yours made the time pass. I don't mean to flatter you," she added quickly, "but those descriptions of Burmah were so interesting, and I do like to hear about other countries—having seen so little myself—no matter from whom; and of course no one, however stupid, goes about the world for nothing."

In this cruel manner did she qualify her compliment; but Miles accepted it, concurring in the time-honored adage that half a loaf is better than no bread. "We have only ten minutes before dinner," said Esme, glancing nervously at the yard clock. "No, no," waving her cousin away impatiently. "I always dismount alone; but," jumping down, gathering up her skirt and commencing to run, "if you like to follow me in by the back door you may," she called to him condescendingly over her shoulder. "It saves time."

CHAPTER VIII.

Under a shady bank, overhung by two nut trees, a clump of lilacs and a very ancient mulberry, the summer house at Baronsford seeks to screen itself from the vulgar gaze. Its kind old friend, the nut tree, spreads its leafy arms above its pointed thatched roof, and conceals its wicker proportions from strangers' eyes. Who is the girl in white huddled up on the wooden seat that runs all round the interior, a girl with her dress tightly gathered round her, and the tips of her shoes merely resting on the ground, her whole attitude bespeaking distrust of the insect inhabitants, and with her eyes bent on a young man in uniform, who is sitting on the venerable and rickety table, with his forage cap over one ear, and his arms akimbo? They are Esme and Teddy, of course. He is brown, broad-shouldered and soldierly looking, and in his sister's eyes as well favored a young man as ever wore spurs. She is far prouder of his personal appearance than she is of her own; his mustache she considers simply perfect, and her vanity is divided between that and the three-cornered white patch on his forehead usually covered by his jaunty forage cap. It is duskish in the summer house, not a single moonbeam penetrates from outside, thanks to the careful nut tree.

"You will never guess where I supped and slept last night, Esme," Teddy was saying. "At Aunt Jane's!"

"I don't believe you," returned his sister, politely, after a minute's pause.

"Nevertheless it is a fact all the same. I went down in fear and trembling to wait upon the old lady, when she saw me she stared very hard for about half a minute, and then cried, 'Goodness, mercy, gracious! why, it's Teddy!' She had not expected to see me in uniform, you know; in fact, she had not expected to see me at all. Well, then she put up her arms and drew me down and kissed me—first time, I'll bet, she ever kissed a mustache—and then she turned me round and looked me all over; and then she kissed me again and made me sit down beside her and tell her all about myself and my career, as she called it. And I did; I showed her my three stripes, and told her of my prospects, and how you had stuck to me through thick and thin, and then—oh, innumerable young woman—she killed the fattest calf and told me I was not to dare to go back to Mrs. Swoffer, but to stay with her. She presented me with fifty pounds, and once I'm promoted I'm to have a large allowance; and for the future I am to consider myself her boy, and by a few little hints she let fall, I fancy you are her girl!"

"Not I," cried Esme, with a laugh of incredulity. "However, as long as she is good to you she is doubly good to me," emphatically.

"And now, Esme—to turn to another

subject for a change—what about this chap, Miles Brabazon?"

"Oh, I was going to tell you, Ted; I got a desperate fright this morning, what our Irish laundymaid calls 'a regular turn.' I was talking to him down by the river."

"About what?" interrupted Teddy, inquisitively.

"Never you mind; I was down by the river, and in pulling out my handkerchief I dragged out to new photo you gave me last night; it fell precisely at his feet. Tableau!"

"Tableau, indeed!" grinning. "And what did he say? what did he do?"

"Of course I pounced on it at once, but he was too sharp for me; he got hold of it first, and handed it back without looking at it; but he did not appear to be over and above well pleased."

"And pray why not?"

"Why not? you ridiculous wooden-headed Teddy; because I believe he thought it was some lover of mine."

"The deuce he did!" puffing out clouds of smoke.

"And I rather fancy that he could be jealous."

"You don't say so! Well, and so could I if I was engaged to a girl and caught her carrying other fellows' portraits about her person. I suppose he asked you no questions, and you told him no—ahem, fibs?"

"No."

"I say, Esme, confidentially, are you going to marry him? to come to the point, as they say."

"I don't know," she replied, with perceptible hesitation.

"Don't know! what rubbish. You know your own mind, surely, by this time."

"I don't give him an answer in a week," said his sister, in a low tone. "And now, Teddy, I want to know if you will grant me a great favor, in a coaxing tone, standing up and laying her hand imploringly upon his arm. 'Let me tell Miles.'"

"No; sorry to refuse you, my dear child, but that is just the very thing I cannot allow you to do. Can't you hold on a bit? There's no hurry."

"Oh, but there is," she returned, eagerly. "So many things must seem so strange to him—my rushing out and hugging him by mistake, as I told you; that photograph this morning, and other things. It's like living in a powder mill—any moment there may be an explosion. Do, please, please, let me tell him!" she pleaded eagerly.

"It's—becoming extremely red, but the kind darkness concealed the fact—"if I—she, stammering, "we are to be married, the sooner you know another the better; and I should like to introduce you."

"I dare say," she said, and walked up to him with me in tow, and say, 'Permit me to present my brother Teddy, alias Sergt. Brown, of the Prince's Lancers, and I would have to salute him and call him 'Sir,' as would befit a non-commissioned officer, and it would be a very pretty little picture altogether. I could never feel the same to him if I met him by and by on an equal footing. It may seem ridiculous nonsense and vanity to you, but it is just my one weakness, and I should like to put my best foot foremost, and appear to the best advantage to your husband, old lady, when we meet as brother officers, and there's no yawning gulf between us; and,' with a sudden start of surprise, 'here he is; at least, I suppose that this is he, this fellow in evening clothes coming down the middle walk.'"

"It is he!" she gasped. "Oh, Ted, creeping closer to her brother, and speaking in an agonized undertone, 'what shall we do if he discovers us?'"

"Keep cool," returned Teddy, imperatively. "Get well behind the table and don't sneeze or crunch the gravel with your shoes. It's as dark as pitch in here to anyone outside. Imagine his face."

he continued, in a smothered whisper, "if he were to walk in and find his pretty Esme telegraphing with a sergeant of Lancers, his feelings would be what you might call mixed. I suppose he would murder me!"

"If he does find us, Teddy, you must tell," returned his sister hysterically, crowding still nearer to her companion, and scarcely daring to breathe, as she sat with her gaze riveted on the unconscious cause of her trembling trepidation.

(To be continued.)

MIRROR WRITING ODD MALADY.

Its Victims Have Faculty of Inscrutable Characters Backward.

An almost unique case of nervous disease was investigated at the last sitting of the French Academy of Medicine. The patient is a young Roumanian, whose malady has been observed by Dr. Marinresco of Bucharest. The most curious manifestation of his disease takes the shape of what is known among scientists as "mirror writing," which means that the characters are written backward, so that when reflected in a mirror they are to be read in the ordinary way. Dr. Marinresco had observed that the hands of his patient when unoccupied were affected with a nervous trembling, which ceased to a great extent when they were used for a definite purpose. Wishing to see what effect this symptom of the malady had on the handwriting Dr. Marinresco asked the patient to write a few lines from dictation. To his astonishment he found that the entire passage had been written backward with absolute accuracy.

The experiment was repeated several times with exactly the same result, and it is, in fact, impossible for the patient to write otherwise. When asked to trace a word with his foot on the ground it, too, was found to be written backward. The patient being a Jew, a final experiment was made with Hebrew. This language, as is well known, is always written backwards, but the patient, reversing, as usual, the normal process, can only write it from left to right. Partial cases of mirror writing have been observed before, but none in which the tendency was so irresistible.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

Wrong Backset.

Frank—I knew Penn would be a poet when he was a baby.

Ida—What were the symptoms?

Frank—He was found in a basket on the doorstep.

Ida—I don't see anything in that.

Frank—Yes, but it was a waste basket.—Brooklyn Life

It isn't near so easy to collect as to collect what men owe you.

BEAR BACKS BOXERS.

RUSSIAN INTRIGUE BEHIND UP-RISING IN CHINA.

Empress Dowager Alleged to Be in the Plot—Britain, Germany and Japan Have United to Oppose Overthrow of the Empire.

A usually well informed Washington correspondent asserts that Russian intrigue is at the bottom of the present anti-foreign insurrection in China. It was through Russian machination that the queen dowager was led to encourage the "Boxers" to make a demonstration of force. The gravest anxiety as to the future of the complication in China is felt at the European embassies and legations in Washington, and it is from one of these that the information given by the correspondent was obtained. Our own Government has exceedingly meager advice from China, but the embassies and legations are better supplied.

Germany, Great Britain and Japan have a thorough understanding concerning the Russian plot. They will stand together in resistance to the expected encroachments of the great Eurasian power. If Russia seizes Peking they will protest and demand evacuation. If necessary they will meet force with force. The most conservative diplomats do not, however, believe there will be war between the powers. It is well known that it is the Russian policy to pursue aggression just as far as possible without a rupture of the peace, and no farther.

The Russian plot, as it is understood among European diplomats in Washington, was to stir up the anti-foreign elements of the population, and under cover of disorder to land troops which should remain in the Chinese capital, permitting Russia gradually to extend her suzerainty over the empire through the connivance of the vicious queen dowager.

Empress Tsi An is of rapid Russian tendencies, and she bitterly hates the Germans and the English. In encouraging the "Boxers" to acts of violence it is said the empress stirred up a greater power than she knew. She let loose a Frankensteinish monster which has now gotten beyond her control, possibly to her regret. Whether or not the Russian plotters are surprised at the extent and ferocity of the fanatical anti-foreign movement uncovered by their machinations remains to be seen.

Whatever may have been the precise nature of Russia's conspiracy, and whatever may be its limitations, nothing is clearer than that it is confronted by the joint and determined resistance of Germany, Japan and England. Against the naval and military forces of these powers Russia cannot contend in the far East and will not dare make the attempt. Great Britain alone could overwhelm Russia upon the water, and with the help of Japan could quickly place upon the continent land forces more than equal to any contingent Russia is in position to confront them with.

It is not forgotten by diplomats that Great Britain is at this moment at the zenith of her military power. Not in half a century has that nation been so well prepared to meet a foe at home or abroad as she is at this moment. In a short time 250,000 hardened men, fresh from the field of South Africa, could be transported to the eastern coast of Asia. If it should be necessary to strike a blow upon the Asiatic coast Great Britain could strike hard and quickly. Japan, so much nearer at hand, is quite as ready.

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Unexpected Russian aggression, or if dismemberment of the Chinese Empire becomes imminent, the United States will be placed in a most serious and embarrassing dilemma. On the one side will be our traditional policy of non-interference. On the other the fact that the United States is now the greatest power bordering the Pacific ocean, an Asiatic power, too, through sovereignty over the Philippines, and in the open-door pledges and the commercial situation, our enormous direct interest in the status of China.

PLAY ENDS IN DEATHS.

Workman, Seeing Boy Beheaded, Lets Derrick Fall on Eight Men.

Word comes from the Okanida reservation in Wisconsin of a tragedy enacted there, by which nine persons were killed. Several children playing in a yard near Stockbridge saw a woman in the house catch a chicken and kill it for dinner. They watched her place the fowl's head on the block and chop it off and as soon as she left the yard several of the little ones imitated her. An older girl caught one of the children, who was pulled to the block, his head held while the girl cut it off. The little boy screamed when the ax struck his neck and the attention of several men who were raising heavy timbers on a derrick in the yard was called to the scene. The father of the child held the rope and when he saw his son killed he let go and the timber came crashing down among the men, killing eight of them.

Out of 17,000,000 pieces of registered mail handled annually in the United States, the loss has been one-thousandth of 1 per cent and in the transmission of ordinary letters the loss is but seven-thousandths of 1 per cent.

The Norddeutscher Lloyd Company has recently ordered a steamer, which, it is claimed, will be the largest vessel afloat. It will be 700 feet in length.

Shears in a steel mill in Coatsville, Pa., cut a slab of iron four feet wide and two feet thick at one stroke.

BATTLE IN CHINA.

Boxers Surround Imperial Troops and Hundreds Are Slain.

It was reported Thursday from Chinese official sources that 4,000 boxers surrounded 1,500 Chinese troops between Lofa and Yong-Tsun and that 500 boxers were killed, but give no account of the Chinese casualties. Thirty of Gen. Nien's troops encountered a body of boxers three miles from Tien-Tsin on the Taku road, and killed twenty-one of them. No news has been received from Pao-Ting-Fu for several days, and the situation there is believed to be critical. It is reported that



SCENE OF NEW COMPLICATIONS.

the Chinese troops have been defeated near there. London advices say that dispatches from the far East show apparently no cessation in the activity of the boxers, the powers are gradually feeling their way to common action for a suppression of the disorders. It is believed that when the dowager empress realizes the first intention to check her connivance in the anti-foreign movement, there will be a speedy end to the rioting as, if the Chinese acted in good faith they could easily quell the rabble, which is armed chiefly with spears, agricultural implements, a few swords and some old rifles.

Pressing appeals are being sent to the State Department and the President by missionary interests in this country to send United States marines into the interior portions of China, where American missionaries are threatened by the boxers' uprising. To maintain an appearance of neutrality and not to offend the Chinese with too much show of force, a Washington correspondent says that the Government cannot safely land more marines in China. To send them into the interior would be deemed folly. With this situation of affairs there is no possibility of aid for the missionaries unless they seek the protecting wing of the American legation at Peking. This is the situation which confronts the State Department.

KRUGER NOT TO QUIT.

Transvaal President Says the Burgheers Will Fight to the Bitter End.

President Kruger, replying to the offer of 100 acres of land in America to each burgher is reported as saying: "We thank you for this generous offer of land, but the burghers are determined to fight for their own land and independence to the bitter end."

In the Orange Free State the British are not having their own way by any means. Even apart from the capture of the Irish Yeomanry, Gen. Rundle has made what the London Mail's expert calls a retrograde movement. Nothing has been heard from Gen. Buller in Natal. At last accounts he was preparing to turn the Boer position at Laing's Nek, which probably means hard fighting.

A dispatch from Masere, in Basutoland, says that in the last engagement the Boers took fifty-four British prisoners, including an officer, whom they released conditionally. The officer estimated that the Boer forces between Ficksburg and Bethlehem number 6,000 men.

The Thirteenth Imperial Yeomanry battalion, captured by the Boers near Lindley, Orange River Colony, consisted of two Irish units and two companies of the Duke of Cambridge's own, including Lord Donoughmore's company of the corps, a number of men in the ranks being closely allied to noble families.

Among the officers of the Thirteenth Imperial Yeomanry captured are the Earl of Leitrim, the Earl of Longford and the Earl of Enniskerry.

A London cable says that it now appears certain that there will be stubborn fighting on the part of the Boers. While the British were taking possession of Johannesburg and Pretoria the burghers escaped with their guns, rolling stock and 1,000 British prisoners. President Kruger declares that the real struggle is just beginning. Sir Alfred Milner cables from Cape Town, warning miners not to start for the Transvaal, adding that two months at least must elapse before Johannesburg can be opened and work at the mines resumed.

Sparks from the Wires.

Senator Quay will be a candidate for re-election to the Senate.

Agents from London are in New York trying to engage house servants.

Chas. A. Keis, 63, St. Louis, committed suicide because he had become blind.

Maine Prohibitionists have nominated Grant Rogers of Richmond for Governor.

Southern Presbyterians in session at Atlanta, Ga., declined to support woman suffrage.

G. W. Tubbs, 18, Poplar Bluff, Mo., gets ten years in the pen for shooting off his father's head.

The Prince of Wales has again, at his physician's advice, given up for a time the use of tobacco.

Caroline Smith and Ann Glassmann, Brooklyn, N. Y., are charged with running a moonshine distillery.

Aged Wm. Bowers, who died recently in Yonkers, N. Y., from starvation, was worth \$100,000, it is now discovered.

A Pittsburgh and Lake Erie train in a run between Pittsburgh and New Castle, made one mile in forty-seven seconds.

Sealed His Wife Up.

A Major Hook of the East India Company service in London was entitled by the will of a relative to an annuity of £400 a year until his wife was buried. To fulfill the term of his important document, after death he caused her body to be embalmed, sealed up in a glass case and placed in the upper chamber of his house, where it remained for thirty years, but no person was ever permitted to enter the room where it lay.

Straight Road To Health

Is by the way of purifying the blood. Germs and impurities in the blood cause disease and sickness. Expelling these impurities removes the disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla does this and it does more. It makes the blood rich by increasing and vitalizing the red globules and giving it power to transmit to the organs, nerves and muscles the nutriment contained in digested food.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best Medicine Money Can Buy.

THE FILIPINO WOMAN.

About the Homeliest Specimen of Her Sex, Says a Soldier.

The Filipino women, writes a soldier from the Philippines, are right on a level with men folk. I am not talking about the wealthy mestizos in Manila, but about the masses. The fact is that these people are the same old Malays I read about in the school books when a boy, and of a low racial type, Admiral Dewey to the contrary notwithstanding. There are a few thousand mestizos on the islands, Aguinaldo is one of them; there are millions of natives.

A Filipino woman is about the homeliest specimen of her sex that ever happened. When you stand and talk to her the nostrils of her pug nose point right at you, and you feel as if you were looking into the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun. Her hair is black and long, but coarse as bristles. Her teeth are good, but stained a dirty red with betel, bonga and tobacco. Her mouth is wide. Her eyes are big and brown, but seldom expressive. She seldom has a good voice. Her carriage is erect and graceful. She dresses with less taste than the American Indian squaw. She can't cook; her husband can. She dandles a baby on one arm while she brings you the food her husband has cooked. If you are a guest at her nipa hut she will caress your bare feet with her coarse black hair while her husband goes out to notify his friends, the bolomen, to chop you up on your way home after your visit.

Her husband will pick your pocket with metropolitan skill. When I add that grasshoppers, beetles and other insects are regular items on the Filipino bill of fare you can judge how these Malays compare with the American Indian. They hang around the back door of our cook house on beef days waiting for what is left, just as the Indians hang around the back door of an army post slaughterhouse out West. They are made of the same stuff. There are more of them, because the climate is kinder. But for the same reason they are a less stalwart and sturdy race, with even fewer virtues.

Friendly Criticism.

Pennington—Two of my latest poems appeared in the last issue of Duffer's Magazine.

Inkerly—Yes, I noticed them.

Pennington—And what did you think of them?

Inkerly—Well, to be candid, I thought the first awfully simple and the second simply awful.

Her Great Sacrifice.

"How absurd it is," she mused, "to describe women as bargain hunters. Just look at my case. I am deliberately exchanging the name 'Montmorency' for the name 'Jones.' What kind of a bargain is that?"—Chicago Post.

LIKE MANY OTHERS

Clara Zopp Wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Tells what it did for Her.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have seen so many letters from ladies who were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies that I thought I would ask your advice in regard to my condition. I have been doctoring for four years and have taken different patent medicines, but received very little benefit. I am troubled with backache, in fact my whole body aches, stomach feels sore, by spells get short of breath and am very nervous. Menstruation is very irregular with severe bearing down pains, cramps and backache. I hope to hear from you at once."

CLARA ZOPP, Rockport, Ind., Sept. 27, 1908.

"I think it is my duty to write a letter to you in regard to what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I wrote you some time ago, describing my symptoms and asking your advice, which you very kindly gave. I am now healthy and cannot begin to praise your remedy enough. I would say to all suffering women, 'Take Mrs. Pinkham's advice, for a woman best understands a woman's sufferings, and Mrs. Pinkham, from her vast experience in treating female ills, can give you advice that you can get from no other source.'"

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